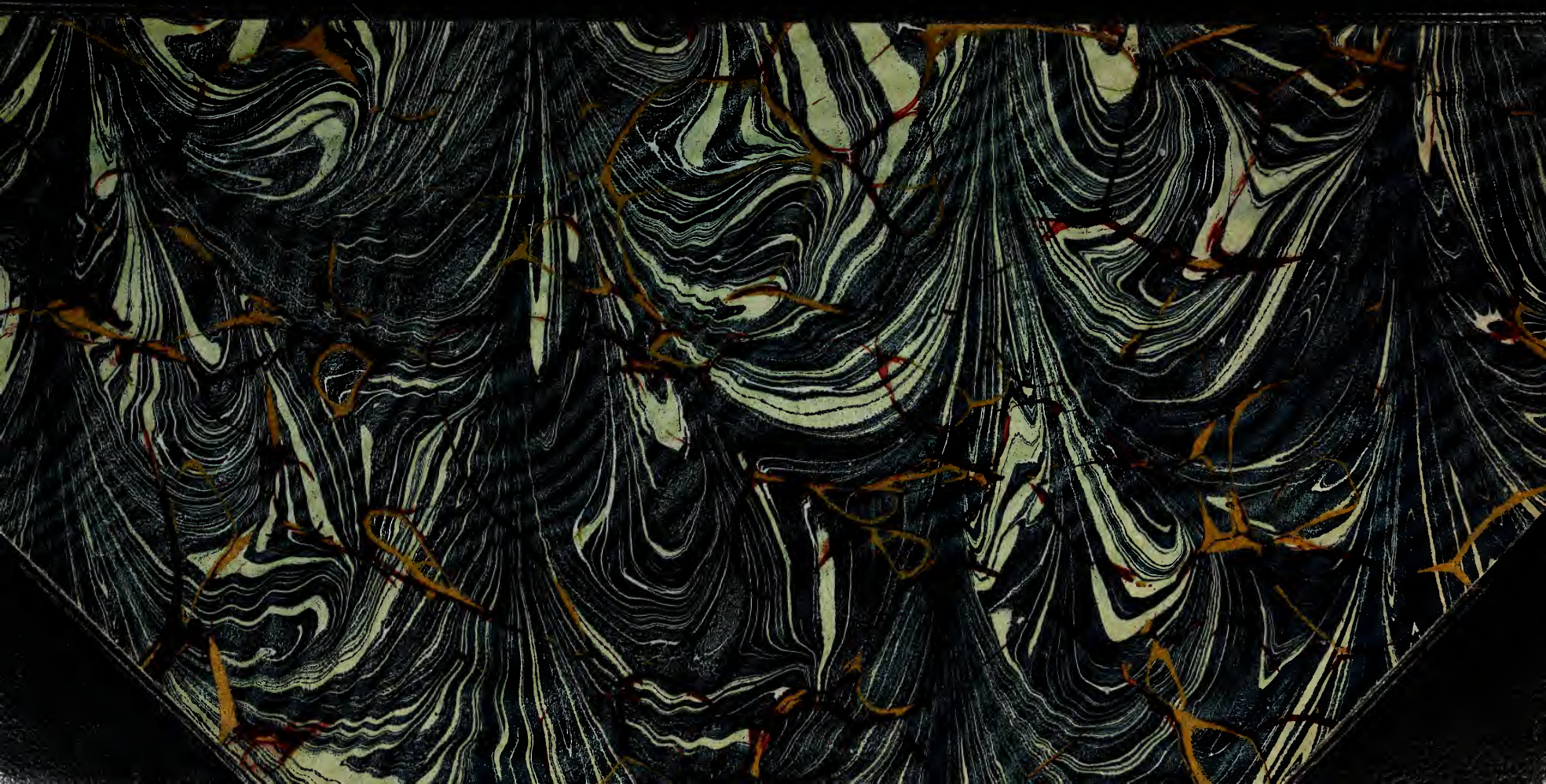
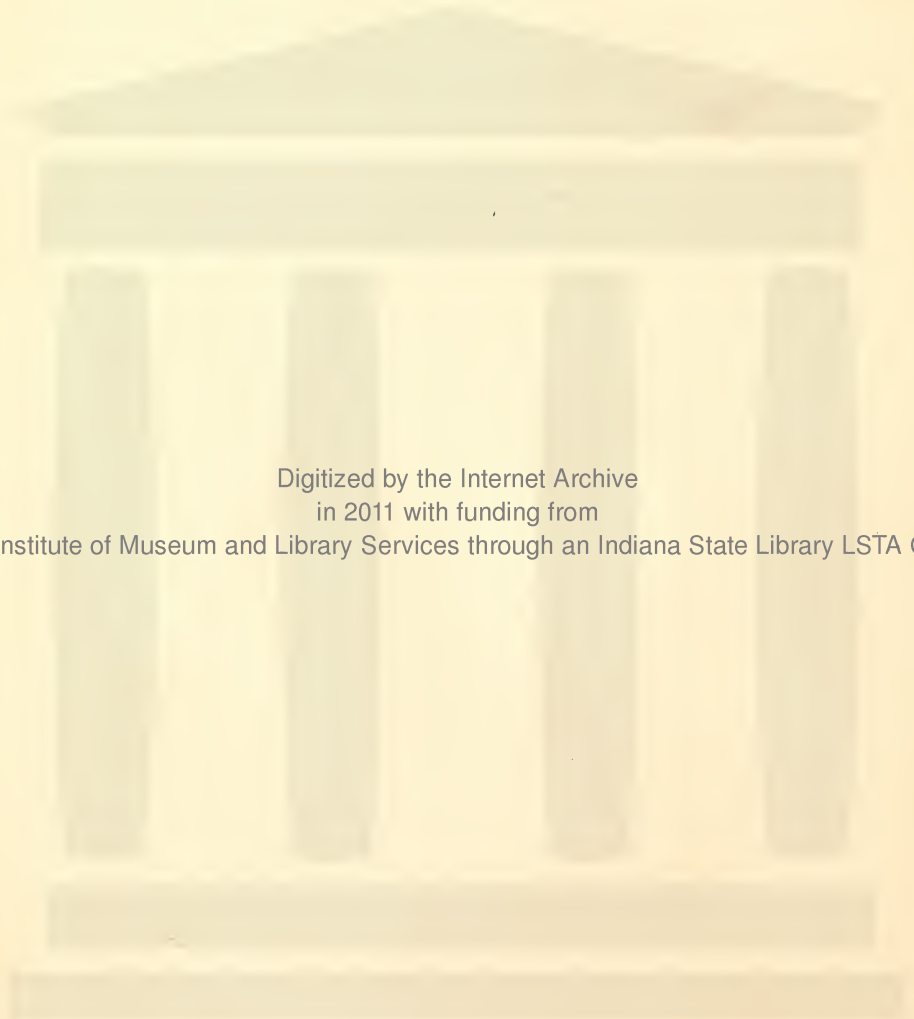


L
VERDAD
ES
VERDE
EX LIBRIS
JUDD STEWART

SAFE
[BOOTH, JOHN WILKES]
F11
M414



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
The Institute of Museum and Library Services through an Indiana State Library LSTA Grant

http://www.archive.org/details/wilkesboothspriv00boot

PRICE TWOPENCE.

WILKES BOOTH'S

PRIVATE CONFESSION

OF THE

MURDER OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN,

AND HIS

TERRIBLE OATH OF VENGEANCE:

FURNISHED BY

AN ESCAPED CONFEDERATE.

NEWSAGENTS' PUBLISHING COMPANY, 147, FLEET STREET.

WILKES BOOTH'S

PRIVATE CONFESSION

OF THE

MURDER OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

PERHAPS no single act of modern times has caused a greater amount of interest and sympathy throughout the whole civilized world than the assassination of the President of the United States by Wilkes Booth, whose full and complete confession we are now enabled to present to our readers. The surprise in most men's minds has been that the murderer should have been able to so successfully carry out his plan and afterwards escape from a theatre crowded with people. Although there have been within the last half century many attempts at assassination, the guilty parties have almost invariably failed in fulfilling their foul purpose. The deeply-laid plot of the Italian conspirators to destroy the Emperor of the French happily proved to be a futile one. So also did the attempt on the life of Louis Phillipe some years previous. Fate seems to have reserved Wilkes Booth to be the perpetrator of an act which will cause his name to be remembered for very many years to come.

John Wilkes Booth was the third son of Junius Brutus Booth. The last-named was acknowledged to be an actor of singular and rare ability. He held a very high position when in

this country, at which time he was a member of the Drury-lane company. When Edmund Kean was in the height of his popularity Junius Brutus Booth stood forward as no insignificant rival to that great tragedian.

After a brief but brilliant career in England he went over to America, where he settled. The young man who, by an act of singular daring and atrocity, has left behind him so unenviable a notoriety, was the third son of Junius Brutus Booth; he was born in Maryland, near to the city of Baltimore, in the year 1838. At the time of his birth his father was in the occupation of a farm; he named his third son after John Wilkes, the great English politician who lived in the reign of George the Third, and from whom the saying "Wilkes and liberty" originated.

It is probable that the Booths have had strong political tendencies. The wretched assassin whose stormy and headstrong career we are about to give to the public has three brothers and two sisters. One of his brothers, Junius Brutus, was lately performing at Cincinnatti; another, Edwin F. Joseph, was at the time of the President's death engaged to appear at the Boston Theatre; his sister Rosalie is the wife of Mr. John S. Clarke; his other sister lives with her mother, who was but very recently residing at New York. She left that city, however, on the morning of April 15. Mrs. Booth was the second wife of the great tragedian.

When very young Wilkes Booth was anxious to adopt the stage as a profession, and was constantly mixed up with amateur theatricals. When John S. Clarke (now Mr. Booth's brother-in-law) was fulfilling an engagement at the St. Charles Theatre, Baltimore, in 1855, he persuaded Mr. Clarke to allow him to make his appearance on the stage, and he accordingly made his *début* as Richmond, in "Richard III." He was favourably received, and gave promise of future excellence. He appeared on the stage at stated intervals for about two years. On August 15, 1857, he became a regular member of the old Arch-street Theatre company at Philadelphia, and made his first appearance there, under the assumed name of John Wilkes, as second mask in "Belle's Stratagem," and remained at that theatre during the season. His reason for changing his name from Booth to Wilkes was because he was doubtful as to his meeting with that success which his ambition had pictured for him; also, to keep the name of Booth from anything but a brilliant success. During the season he appeared in a variety of characters and became a general favourite with the audience. The next season—1858-9—he wended his way down south, became a member of the Richmond (Va.) Theatre, and so rapid was his progress in the dramatic art, that we find him playing some of Shakespeare's most prominent characters. He became one of the greatest favourites in the theatre. At the commencement of the season of 1860-61 he started out on a starring tour, visiting nearly all the principal cities in the south and south-west, playing Romeo, Macbeth, and all the leading tragedy parts. His first star engagement was in September, 1860, at the Columbus (Geo.) Theatre, under the management of Matt. Canning. While fulfilling this engagement he was accidentally shot in the rear by the manager, who was handling a small revolver at the time. On March 31, 1862, he made his bow at New York at Wallack's old theatre, and appeared one week. He met with a hearty welcome, and was looked upon as a very clever tragedian. From this time up to the commencement of the season of 1864-5 he fulfilled star engagements throughout the country. When the season of 1863-4 closed he retired from the stage and speculated very extensively in the oil regions and amassed a great amount of money. His retirement was owing to a bronchial affection, which was so painful that he could not act. On the occasion of the benefit given for the Shakespeare monument fund at the Winter Garden on November 23, 1864, he, in company with his two brothers, Edwin and Junius, appeared in "Julius Cæsar," J. Wilkes Booth playing Marc Antony, and winning considerable applause for the excellent rendition of the rôle. This occasion and his one week at Wallack's old theatre were the only times he ever appeared in that city. Mr. Booth's last appearance on the stage was at Ford's Theatre, Washington, as Pescara, in Shiel's tragedy of "The Apostate," for the benefit of John McCullough.

As an actor, Mr. Booth was no common genius. He had the natural advantages of a good figure, a musically full and rich voice of rare compass and modulation, a face that always takes with an audience; and an eye that expresses tenderness and love, malice and hate, pleasure and sorrow, as perfectly as the language he utters or the tone in which it is conveyed. His frame was light, and he was of medium height. He was also very nervous. He had a large, beautiful black eye; a face pale and very impressive. Height, 5ft. 8in.; weight, 160lb.; and, when talking, inclines his head forward and looks down. His hair was jet black, very long and bushy, and a heavy black moustache. His transitions were absolutely electrifying, and in this respect there is a family resemblance between him and his father. To these material aptitudes he added a very clear perception of character, with the ability to assume it, to enter into and become a part of it. He was a very close student, and not forgetful of those minor graces of art which complete and make perfect the interpretation of character. He was a "sensationer," and as Richard III. he was different from all other tragedians. He imitated no one, but struck out into a path of his own, introducing points which older hands at the business would not dare to attempt. In the last act he was truly original, particularly where the battle commences. With most tragedians it is the custom to rush on the stage, while the fight is going on, looking as if dressed for court. Wilkes Booth made a terrible feature of this part of the performance. He would dart across the stage as if he "meant business;" then again he would appear "seeking for Richmond in the throat of death." His face was covered with blood, from wounds supposed to have been received in slaying those five other Richmonds he refers to; his beaver was lost in the fray, his hair flying helter-skelter, his clothes all disordered, and he panted and fumed like a prizefighter. He made his audience think that he *had* been fighting and that he was chasing up Richmond to tackle him. In this character he was more terribly real than any other actor we ever saw. On one occasion, while performing this character at Wallack's, he pressed the Richmond (E. L. Tilton) of the evening so hard in the fencing scene that he ran him off the stage, and headlong he went into the orchestra. In March, 1861, while performing in Albany, he had a little affair with a certain actress, formerly engaged at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, and at Mrs. John Wood's Olympic in New York, and a popular *equestrienne* actress, when he was shot at by one of the ladies, the ball

hitting him in the hand, and he suffered considerably for awhile from its effects.

THE SEALED PACKET.

THE singularly interesting confession to which we now give publicity has but recently arrived in England. The document in question was given by Booth to an attached friend and accomplice of his; this person managed to make his escape from Garrett's Farm at the time of Harrold's capture and Booth's death.

After undergoing a series of dangerous adventures, he succeeded in getting to New York without being recognised; for, as may readily be supposed, he had disguised himself so completely as to destroy all traces of his identity. From New York he took the steamer for Liverpool, which last-named place he arrived at in safety. He had concealed about his person the confession of Wilkes Booth, but did not know very well how to make it public without compromising himself. Eventually he hit upon an expedient—he left it in the hands of a person who faithfully promised not to open the packet, or make any one acquainted with the nature of its contents, till *three days after Booth's accomplice had left England.* The party in whose hands the packet was placed kept his word, and at the expiration of the specified time he broke the seal, and gave permission for it to be immediately published. The man who had succeeded in bringing this interesting document to England was by this time on his way to St. Petersburg.

CONFESSION OF WILKES BOOTH.

A PATRIOT'S LEGACY TO THE WORLD.

Garrett's Farm, April 25.

I KNOW not, neither do I care, what now becomes of me—my most sacred mission is fulfilled. I cannot tell how soon darkness may close over a scene which is now red with blood. My earthly career will be shortly brought to a close, for I have made a solemn vow never to be taken alive. That vow I intend to keep—even as I have kept an oath made more than three years ago. I am a proscribed man—a price is set on my head—the Northern bloodhounds are on my track!

My name is in every man's mouth. The brawling world is loud in its censure—a cry of sympathy is raised because *one* man has been struck down. The world is forgetful of the many thousands of innocent persons who have been slaughtered in cold blood! A menial and scurrilous press have heaped upon my devoted head unmeasured abuse. They represent me as a miscreant—as a monster—as a murderer! I am none of these! I AM THE AVENGER OF MY COUNTRY'S WRONGS! I love my country! I love peace and good order, but I hate oppression and tyranny, and above all I hate Federal oppression, as shown in their wicked and cruel acts towards their brethen of the South. This sanguinary, vindictive, barbarous war has called forth the worst and most hateful passions that disgrace and degrade humanity. The North have never maintained an honourable strife; they have sought to crush by hordes of mercenary, savage troops the flower of the gallant and chivalrous bands of Southern heroes. Their brutal soldiers have attacked defenceless women and unoffending citizens. They have given their homes to the flames, and laid waste their beautiful plantations. The march of the invader has been marked with blood, spoliation, and rapine. Who is to be blamed for this?

In the first place the President, and in the next his bloodthirsty generals. Oh, my countrymen! many of you know what barbarities have been committed in your cities—in your villages—in your homes! I myself have witnessed such sights that might move even the heart of a Nero; and to you, oh, people of my father's country, England, I say do not deem Wilkes Booth the assassin a heartless monster or a savage miscreant. You have not any of you known, and you never will know, a tithe of the enormities committed by the Northerners; you will never know—and it is a blessing you are spared the recital—a hundredth part of the cruelties practised by the invading army in the South.

How many thousands and hundreds of thousands of lives have been sacrificed by the wicked policy of the United States' Government. Had the President felt so disposed he might have settled the dispute between the two contending Powers by referring it to arbitration.

What right have the South to be forced to belong to a government they despise?

If a man is in partnership with another, and he finds that he is being robbed and treated badly, he has a perfect right to dissolve the partnership as speedily as possible.

So also is it with the States of America. The South are perfectly justified in seceding whenever they feel disposed to do so; the original government was founded on this basis. The time had arrived when the South wished to throw off the yoke of the oppressor.

When Julias Cæsar forgot the duty he owed to his country, and violated his country's laws, he was deemed a tyrant.

He was slain in the senate-house at Rome. The noble and accomplished Marcus Brutus, with many others, buried his avenging dagger in his breast.

Yet Marcus Brutus was no murderer. His noble nature and lofty spirit would have scorned to lift his hand in an unjust cause; but Julias Cæsar belonged to his country—he was the property of the people—and when he betrayed the trust imposed upon him, the penalty was death.

So also was it with Abraham Lincoln. He forgot his duty, he was deaf to the appeals for justice. He also deserved death!

He has fallen by my hand!

What have I gained by the act? The execration of mankind!

People who used to censure and abuse the President now turn round and affect to be deeply grieved at his loss. All his virtues, real or supposed, are paraded forth. Not a word is said about the unjust treatment of the South. They are vanquished rebels, traitors—nothing more; but, although conquered for a time, they will rise again. A terrible day of retribution will come some time or other! Thousands of bold hearts have sworn to be avenged.

I, myself, have given all up for them. All! my name, happiness, family, profession, and shortly I shall render up my life.

So be it. I am content to do so. I do not repine. Had I twenty lives, I would willingly lose them all in the cause of the oppressed South, to whom I have been devoted since the commencement of this unholy, this unnatural, this accursed war! I have travelled through the Southern States, and have seen the suffering population crushed beneath the heel of the

oppressor. My brain seems to be on fire and my soul sickens when I think of all I have read and heard. I shall find it impossible, in this my written confession, to give a detail of the dreadful scenes I have witnessed. War is terrible at all times, but an intestine war such as has been carried on in America for the last four years is an accumulation of bloody horrors which no pen can describe. The gallant warriors of the South have held their own against formidable odds. They have stood their ground only as men fighting for their dearly-cherished liberties could have stood. They have repeatedly turned back the serried ranks of the invader. All this has now become a matter of history.

My sympathies have always been with the South, because I have seen in them a gallant people fighting for their liberties. I have given up all for their sake, and have inflicted severe punishment on their cruel oppressors, many of whom have fallen by my hands and those of my companions. I am proud of the part I have taken in the rebellion; and had my plans been carried out, the Northeners would have paid dearly for their injustice towards their brethren of the South; but our grand scheme for wreaking vengeance on our vindictive foes has not been so complete as we could have desired. It was our purpose to cut off, by one simultaneous effort, the President and all the Northern leaders, together with the members of the Cabinet. The Capitol of Washington we intended to have given to the flames. The public buildings of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia would have shared a similar fate; but only a small portion of our work has been done. We had fondly hoped to have struck a blow in the cause of liberty which would serve as a warning to tyrants for ages to come. Those who read this confession may perhaps be appalled at the enormity of the crimes contemplated. To such I say:—Wait awhile, while I give a succinct description of one or two acts of wickedness which have made me so bitter an enemy to those who rely upon brute force alone to crush and annihilate their gallant countrymen.

I must now turn back to the period of the first great conflict of the Federals and Confederates—namely, the battle of Bull's Run. At a few miles' distance from the spot where this engagement took place, a dear and valued friend of mine resided. He was by nature of a peaceful disposition, and had but recently married a young and beauteous wife. He owned a small farm, and I believe a kinder-hearted man never lived. I was staying with him at the time when his peaceful home was invaded by brutal soldiers. Let me endeavour to picture to those who may read this confession the frightful incidents of that fatal day. The Northern troops, who had been so signally beaten at Bull's Run, flew in all directions. A party of them hastened towards the house of my friend. Their worst passions had become inflamed. Like beasts of prey, they were ready to seize hold of the first victim they met. Unfortunately, my friend's wife was in the grounds which fronted her husband's house. The Northerners caught sight of her. They hastened onwards, and in a minute or so more she was rudely caught in the arms of two or three of those who were foremost. She was subjected to most gross violence and insults, her chaste ears were polluted by the coarsest and most disgusting language. Her terror was so great that she fainted. Then a struggle ensued with the men to obtain possession of her. One, more determined or stronger than the rest, bore her off to a barn close by. But her cries had been heard by her husband, who was working in the fields near at hand. He rushed to the spot, and beheld his house surrounded by madly-infuriated soldiers. He inquired for his wife, and was answered by a laugh of derision. He flew into his house to seek for her; he called her by name, but received no answer. He armed himself with a loaded rifle, and then went to the front door of his cottage.

"Villains!" he ejaculated, "what have you done with my wife?" At the same time he levelled his piece at those who were in his front. "Answer me! what have you done with my wife?"

The men drew back like a set of cowards, but they returned no answer. My friend shouted out for assistance; for it unfortunately happened that both his brother-in-law and myself were indulging in the sport of shooting over the farm, consequently we were not on the spot in the earlier portion of the fray. When we did come up, it was to witness a shocking spectacle. It appeared that one of the men had crept round to the rear of the house, and had got in at one of the back windows. When he had done this he made for one of the front rooms. Through the open window of one of these we saw him take deliberate aim at our friend, who stood upon the defensive quite unconscious that a foe was lurking in his rear. It was at this time that we came upon the scene. The barrel of the Northern soldier's piece was within a few inches of my friend's head. I shouted to him, but the probability is that he did not understand me. In the next instant a loud report was heard, and I had lost one of the best friends it has ever been my fortune to know. The young man fell forward dead. The whole of the back part of his skull was blown away. The cowardly wretch who had perpetrated the foul deed laughed triumphantly. He leaped through the parlour window, and spurned with his foot the prostrate body of the man whom he had so foully murdered. I raised my gun and fired. The villain met with a more merciful death than he deserved. With a bound he sprang up, and then fell across the body of my friend. My shot had entered his heart.

Mr. Maguire, my friend's brother-in-law, had at the same time singled out one of the other soldiers, whom he mortally wounded. When both our guns had been discharged the remainder of the soldiers rushed from the side of the house where they had retreated to, and now advanced to attack us, being, doubtless, under the impression that they should be able to dispatch us before we had time to reload our pieces. I am pleased to think that the wretches were taken in. I always carry a revolver. I do not say it boastfully, but I have made it my business to be expert in the use of this weapon, as well as the rifle and small sword.

I fired one, two, three shots in rapid succession, and each found its way into a human body—three men fell! Then those who remained levelled their pieces and fired at random—Maguire was wounded slightly in the right shoulder; as to myself, I escaped unhurt. After the Federals had discharged their weapons they made off, with the exception of the one who was in the barn. Neither Maguire nor myself, however, knew at this time that one of the heartless miscreants was still on the premises. We went into the house and sought for my poor friend's wife. She was nowhere to be seen. Then a

trembling came over our frames, and with blanched cheeks we looked at one another. Poor Maguire staggered a few paces and seemed as though about to swoon. I endeavoured to cheer him as best I could, and after a few moments had passed we both went to the front of the house and bore the body of our dead friend into the parlour. This done, we searched the premises for Maguire's sister, the wife of the murdered man. While we were in one of the outhouses, we saw the figure of a soldier creep stealthily from the barn. We both levelled our pieces and fired simultaneously; they neither of them took effect. Then the flying wretch turned his hideous visage and gave a grim smile of satisfaction. He fled with headlong speed, for fear added wings to his flight. We chased him, but he was too far ahead for us to overtake him. He succeeded in making his escape.

After this, we returned sadly and sorrowfully to the farmhouse. Our steps were directed towards the barn. How shall I describe the scene that was there presented to our anguished gaze? On the ground lay the injured woman. She was senseless. Her lips and face were cut and bruised. Her brutal ravisher had treated her with fiend-like barbarity. The blood mounts to my brain when I think of the sufferings of this delicate, sensitive young woman, who had been so tenderly nurtured and so highly educated. Her brother, Mr. Maguire, gave a wail of agony, which even now rings in my ears. He knelt down over the body of his sister and once murmured her name. Then he burst into tears. Strong-hearted as he was on all other occasions, the sight he then beheld completely overpowered him, and he wept like a child; I never saw a man so moved. When his first burst of grief was over I besought him to bear his troubles as became a man. He looked reproachfully at me for a moment or so, and then pointed to the bruised and senseless body of his sister. I think he supposed her to be dead, perhaps it would have been a mercy if she had been so. We lifted her up and conveyed her into the house; she did not recover from her state of insensibility for several hours. When she awoke to consciousness her mind was wandering; she did not know anybody. The horrible treatment she had been subjected to had for a time bereft her of reason.

Soon after we had conveyed her into the house a neighbouring farmer presented himself. He was a substantial, well-to-do man, and owned a large farm, which immediately adjoined that which had been in possession of my poor dead friend. His name was Jarvis, and upon his first entrance he seemed to be bursting with passion, while at the same time an expression as of almost hopeless despair was depicted on his indignant features.

I briefly informed him of all that had taken place, then his eyes flashed fire; he swore a terrible oath and cursed those who had been the cause of all this cruelty.

"Oh, Mr. Maguire!" he said, turning towards my friend, "this is indeed a dark and terrible day for you. I thought my own case bad enough, but it is nothing when compared to yours. Cheer up, neighbour, a time will come when we shall be avenged. I will never rest till that day comes. Oh, but this is terrible! in one short hour my neighbour is murdered, his young and beautiful wife has shared even a worse fate, and, oh, my friend! I am a ruined man."

"Ruined!" I ejaculated, looking at him in some surprise.

"All my savings are gone! that which I gained by the labour of many years has been snatched from me! The villains who visited this house were not content with the murder and rapine they had committed here. When driven away they made an onslaught on my premises. My servants fled in all directions, for they knew too well what they might expect from Federal soldiers. The scoundrels entered my house and ransacked its contents; they forced open a chest in which there was a bag containing three thousand dollars. This they possessed themselves of, and made their way to my stables. They took three of my best horses, which they mounted, and then galloped off with the booty they had obtained; but before doing so they set fire to my premises, together with two stacks of wheat. The wretches must have done this from nothing else but a fiend-like spirit of destruction. While this had been going on I was with a neighbour, and upon my return you may judge my horror when I beheld my house and property in flames and found that all my savings were gone."

"And this is war!" I ejaculated.

"It is the way the Federals carry on this wicked war. A blighting curse cling to them—a long and lasting curse!" exclaimed Jarvis. "Such acts as these are a disgrace to a civilized country. But I hold my life cheap now, and it shall for the future be devoted but to one purpose. I will never rest till I have made reprisals—till I have had my revenge."

"Ah, revenge!" exclaimed Maguire, suddenly. "Revenge! We now live for nought else. Are we all agreed upon that?"

"Yes," answered Jarvis, extending his hand. "Yes, my hand upon it."

"And you, Booth?" said Maguire, turning towards me.

"I have seen to-day that which I never dreamt of seeing in a Christian country. Maguire, your brother-in-law was my schoolfellow; he was the nearest and dearest friend I have ever known. For his sake I promise to do all that man can do to wreak vengeance on those who have caused his death."

"Your words give me hope," cried Maguire. "One man may not be able to do much, but unity is strength. Say, are you willing to enter into a compact?"

"I am."

"And you, Jarvis? Let us three stand by one another through good and bad fortune."

"Agreed," said Jarvis. "Life is but of little value to me now. It shall be devoted to the Confederate cause."

"Meet me here towards sunset."

"I will."

We then parted.

Agreeable to his promise, Jarvis came at the appointed time. His passion was over, but there was a settled purpose in his eye; he was silent and moody. The body of the murdered man had by this time been placed in a shell; this, together with its contents, we found in a large room in the rear of the farmhouse. Maguire had given orders for it to be conveyed thither. He grasped Jarvis by the hand when he presented himself, and beckoned me to follow. I did so. After we had entered the room in question, Maguire locked the door. He then walked up to the coffin, and drew back the sheet which covered it. The face of my dead friend then became exposed. A shudder seemed to run through our frames as we gazed on the rigid features of him who, but a few short hours before, had greeted us with a friendly smile. We

looked sadly on the face of the corpse. None of us spoke at this time, for our hearts were too full.

Then came a long and painful pause. I cannot tell the thoughts of my two companions, but for myself, I know that memory was busy with the past. I remembered my early school days, and remembered also how, since that period, time had cemented a deep and endearing friendship between myself and the young man who had been so cruelly snatched from me—the recollection of a thousand little incidents rushed through my brain—I could not speak, for my heart was too full.

At length Maguire broke the silence, which had become almost painful.

"Behold their work!" he exclaimed, pointing to the corpse. "Can you look on this unmoved? What punishment can be heavy enough for those who ruthlessly butcher their fellow-countrymen in cold blood? The blood of our dead friend calls aloud for vengeance; his wounds will never close. And oh, just Heaven!" exclaimed Maguire, as he knelt down by the side of the coffin and clasped his hands together, "hear me swear, by the memory of all that have been dear to me—by the memory of my sister's love, which is great—by the memory of my dead friend and brother, which is reverential—in the name of our blessed Redeemer, which is divine—I swear to wage to the end of this bitter strife, a ceaseless war with those who have brought ruin, desolation, shame, dishonour, and death on our once peaceful and happy land. Yes, I swear to wage a never-ending war with our oppressors—with our murderers!"

"Do not rise yet," said Jarvis. "I also take the oath of vengeance. I swear to devote myself to my country!"

I walked to the side of the coffin and took Maguire by the hand. He rose. His countenance was pale, but its expression was fixed and determined.

"Let us join hands," said I, "let us register this solemn vow. There are three of us here now present. We have been witnesses of the dreadful deed of to-day. We have each of us a burning desire for revenge. Over the dead body of our murdered friend we will cross our hands. Maguire, yours—and now Jarvis, yours. So, it is well. Now, as we all hope for mercy hereafter—as we love those who are dear to us by the tenderest ties—in the name of them, in the name of our injured countrymen, we swear to maintain an endless and ceaseless strife with those who are the enemies of our country. Death to the Federals! Death!"

"I accept the oath. Death to the Federals!" exclaimed Maguire.

"And I also," said Jarvis. "Death to the Federals! Death!"

We raised our right hands and registered the oath. Then we swore to be henceforth devoted to the cause—to be true to one another. We felt that we were three men made desperate by ill-usage, banded together for one common purpose. At the same time it was our intention to obtain as many others as possible to join us in the work we had determined upon executing. It is needless for me to say that the robbery and destruction committed at Jarvis's house, and the murder and violence done in the habitation of my dead friend, were but acts of an everyday occurrence, and it is therefore no matter for surprise that numbers of others should join Maguire and Jarvis in their oath of vengeance.

I saw the remains of my poor friend conveyed to their last resting-place, and I remained for some days with Maguire in the hope that his sister, after the first shock was over, might recover from the dreadful injuries she had been subjected to; but, alas! this never took place. The doctor who attended her had been at first under the impression that as time went on her reason would return, but at the expiration of a few days, he expressed a different opinion; he feared the worst. Her intellect broke down beneath the blow she had received, and she never rallied. I learnt some months after this, when fulfilling an engagement in the North, that she had sunk into a premature grave. Poor thing! All things considered, it was, perhaps, after all, a merciful dispensation of Providence that she was removed to another, and, I hope and trust, a happier sphere. Peace be with her! I have seen one friend after another cut down during this unnatural war. I have seen the wicked triumph, and the righteous down-trodden; but I have never deserted the charge I have taken upon myself! I have never betrayed my trust! I have taken human life; but I have done so for the good of my country, or what I believed to be good. What I have done has been done in honour's cause—in the cause of a suffering and ill-used people. I have neglected my profession; I have lost money and time, but I do not repine; neither am I ashamed of the acts I have committed. Why should I be? I was not urged on by any desire of personal aggrandisement; I have not been a hired assassin. It is quite true that I formed a compact with those who were in a much higher position in the country than myself. A certain duty was to devolve upon me; I performed it to the very letter. That duty was the assassination of the President; I did it—alone I did it. The world will acknowledge this, for they give me credit for having committed what they are pleased to term an odious and detestable murder. I never expected any sympathy from the world, and I have not had any. The public—"the beast with many heads," as Shakespeare terms them—are led as as easily as asses are. Let a thing become the fashion, the vogue, then every man's mouth is open to praise it. Men are full of strange inconsistencies. It was once the fashion to abuse a certain Emperor; it is now the fashion to bespatter him with praise. Sometimes it is the fashion to sympathise with an atrocious criminal. Muller, who committed a cold-blooded, wretched murder for a paltry chain, in a railway-carriage, was universally pitied; all thoughts about the murdered Briggs were forgotten in the deep commiseration felt for the mild, well-conducted young man who robbed him of life.

Dr. Bernard, who was proved by the most direct evidence to have made the fulminating mercury, and attempted the assassination of the Emperor of the French, was acquitted.

Wilkes Booth, the writer of this confession, is deemed a monster—a villain of the deepest dye!

But the opinion of the world is of little consequence to me now; my professional reputation was at one time all in all; now I am convinced that reputation is an idle and most false imposition, "Oft got without merit and lost without deserving." If I have any regret, it is that I should have brought into discredit, by an act of mine, a name which was once so respected. I mean that of my father, Junius Brutus Booth; but he has now passed away from all earthly troubles, and if his spirit looks down upon me from the far-off heavens, he will know that I am no murderer.

He will know that I struck down a tyrant for the sake of my country; but I here declare that I had no personal animosity towards the President, not as far as his private character was concerned. It was on public grounds that I quarrelled with him. He represented the people of the North; he was bigotted, perverse, wrong-headed upon one subject; he would persistently carry on a wicked, unholy war in spite of God or man—there was no turning him from this—he was heedless of the cruel slaughter of his people, or the crumbling ruins of the Southern homesteads, therefore it was necessary that he should die. I had fondly hoped that this fatal war would have long since been brought to a termination, but I was hoping against hope; so when the Southern heroes were worsted in the field—when Richmond was in the hands of the Federals—it was time, indeed, for some reprisals to be made. I boldly stepped forward to fulfil a contract I had made. The assassination of the President fell to my share, the death of Mr. Seward was undertaken by some one else. The generals of the North were to be cut off when in the full flush of victory. I cannot now tell why all this was not done, and it is likely enough that I shall never know. Neither shall I in this confession mention the names of my accomplices. I desire the world should know the share I had in the business—nothing further.

I will now take up the thread of my narrative. Maguire, after the death of his sister, was consumed with one burning thought that taunted him night and day; he was determined, if possible, to find out the man who had committed so gross, so cowardly, so inhuman an assault upon her. In morn, at eve, and in the stillness of night, this one thought haunted him. His efforts to effect his object were ceaseless; the countenance of the villain had been distinctly seen by us both, and we knew that we should have no difficulty in recognising him. One day when I was at Baltimore I received a letter from Maguire, which he sent by a trusty messenger. He desired me to meet him at an appointed spot, near to a Federal camp. I hastened at once to the place in question.

"Booth," he said, as he grasped me warmly by the hand, "I have no rest night or day. I shall never rest till that wretch has been sent to his account."

"You mean the miscreant of the barn, the demon who ——'

"Yes, yes," he ejaculated, interrupting me with sudden fervour.

"Listen. I have made friends with a negro soldier who belongs to the Federal force. I have seen the human monster whose brutality killed my poor sister."

"Seen him," I ejaculated. "Where?"

"Seen him in the ranks of the enemy. If we can withdraw him from the main body upon any excuse——"

He paused, and smiled savagely. I understood his meaning, and wrung his hand in silence.

"Can I be of any service?" I inquired. "Let me catch sight of him, and if he is within range of my weapon I will shoot him down like a dog."

"Nay, my friend; that shall be my business," answered Maguire.

We consulted together, and determined upon paying a visit at night to the Federal camp. We set out upon this expedition, armed with loaded revolvers, and trusted to fortune for the rest.

We loitered about the Federal lines for some time without any satisfactory result. At length Maguire caught sight of some moving object at a little distance off. This appeared to resemble a dark animal—it might be a dog. In a few minutes after this the form of a negro, dressed in the Federal uniform, stood by our side.

"I tought is bos you, Massa Maguire," said the black. "I could see dat by him pale face."

Maguire whispered a few words to the negro, who was evidently friendly towards him.

"Ah, yes. Him am off duty to-night," answered the black.

"Can you take a note to him?" inquired aguire.

The nigger grinned and nodded.

Maguire then penned a few hurried lines, which he wrote in one of the leaves of his pocket-book. He tore this out, folded and directed it, then gave it to the black, who at once hastened off.

Maguire put his arm in mine, and drew me from the spot. He said nothing until we had gone a considerable distance, then he heaved a profound sigh.

"Pray Heaven my *ruse* may succeed!" he ejaculated.

"What have you done?" I inquired.

"That black fellow is a faithful ally of mine—he knows this monster. I have sent a letter in a feigned name, to ask him to meet a friend at a certain spot. I will show you where it is. I have appealed to the brute's cupidity. I have said in the letter that the writer will show him where he can easily possess himself of a large sum of money."

"And do you think he will come?"

"I hope so."

"And what then?"

"By the side of yonder rock is the meeting place," said Maguire, pointing to a dark mass in the distance. "I want you to enter into conversation with him. You are supposed to be the man who wrote the letter. Say what you like to him, it matters not. I shall be concealed. Leave the rest to me, the work must be done silently. If a piece is discharged, we shall have the Federals upon us."

"What was the use of our arming ourselves with revolvers, then?"

"It's always as well to have them. Engage him in close conversation, and leave the rest to me; but do not on any account fire, unless there be an absolute necessity."

We made for the appointed place; when there Maguire concealed himself, and I took up my station, and awaited the result. In the course of half an hour, or less, perhaps, a Federal soldier appeared in the distance. He made towards the spot where I was standing. He looked furtively to the right and left, and then cast a hasty glance to the rock against which I was stationed. My heart beat high as he neared me. I could plainly distinguish his features, which were indelibly stamped upon my memory. Onwards he came, slowly and cautiously. In a short time he was within a few paces of where I stood.

"I guess yer the man I've got to meet," he ejaculated.

I nodded.

"Then, darn you, why don't yer speak?" he exclaimed.

"Hush! come closer," said I, in a whisper; "it's all right."

"But how am I to know you don't mean mischief?"

I held up my arms and extended my hands.

"I am unarmed, while you carry deadly weapons." I answered.

This seemed to satisfy him, he gave another glance around and then approached. I should

have mentioned that I had sufficiently disguised myself so as not to be recognised. He approached, and then I began telling him of a heap of money which was in the house of a widow woman, which he might easily get, and, provided he would give me a share, I would let him know where the treasure was. His eyes lighted up with pleasure at this, and he was about to reply when —— But I hardly know how to describe the scene that followed. Pale, haggard, with bloodshot eyes and gnashing teeth, Maguire sprang forward with the bound of a panther. His movements were so rapid that there was no time even for an exclamation of surprise or pain on the part of the Federal soldier. A knife glimmered in the air. Once—twice, at least a dozen times, it descended with lightning rapidity in the chest and neck of the Federal, whose blood spouted out in all directions. A gurgling sound proceeded from his throat; he tried to shout out. When he did so, Maguire struck him with his clenched fist, and felled him to the earth like an ox. The wretch endeavoured to rise to his feet, for strange to say, notwithstanding the repeated stabs, he was still alive. Maguire held him down and dashed his head against the ground. This rendered him senseless. The terrible knife was then drawn across the throat of the Federal, which was severed from ear to ear.

"Marie, thou art avenged!" exclaimed Maguire. "How I have longed for this hour! I knew it would come, sooner or later—I knew it. See, there is now one less of our living enemies. But the work must not stop here—ah, ah! one less."

"Let us away," said I.

"Ah, true, away," he murmured. We walked on with rapid strides, and were soon far from the scene of the terrible act of retributive justice. Maguire went to the river's side and washed his bloody face and hands. When this had been done he returned to me.

"Booth!" he ejaculated, "you remember your oath?"

"I shall never forget it," I answered. "Never, while I have life."

"Good!" he cried. "I am sure the memory of your dead friend will not let you be unmindful of the vow taken over his dead body. This makes the sixth man who has fallen by my hand."

"The sixth?"

"Yes."

"How so?"

"Three I have picked off with my rifle, one with the revolver, and the other two were killed with the bowie-knife."

"And I cannot boast of having destroyed one since that dreadful and fatal day," said I, beginning to feel thoroughly ashamed of myself for my supineness. I pointed out to Maguire that I had been engaged in my profession, which had greatly occupied my time. The result of this conversation with my friend was that we agreed to act in concert for the next few days. It was at this time that M'Clellan's army before Richmond had several engagements with the Confederates. Although I have never served in the field, I have served my country. As a proof of this I may mention that during one of these engagements Maguire and myself had the satisfaction of picking off nine privates and three officers with our rifles. Of course we had to use stratagem to carry out our plans, which were so far successful that we managed to escape uninjured ourselves.

After this I once more returned to my profession. I played in Boston and New York. At the first-named of these two cities Jarvis paid me a visit; he told me that he began to despair, as he was afraid that the Confederate cause was a hopeless one, and that sooner or later they must succumb to the superior force of the Federals. Nevertheless, he informed me that he, as well as a number of others, were engaged in a secret and deadly war with their enemies.

I told him of my own doings with Maguire, of which he had, however, already heard. I was sadly dispirited to hear him speak so despondingly of the Confederate cause, but I nerved myself up for further action. Before Jarvis had left Boston three more of our enemies had fallen. Two of these were Federal officers; the other was a man who had rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious and hateful. I will not mention his name, as he has now gone to his account, and will have to answer for his crimes. He perished by my hand.

Soon after Jarvis's departure from Boston I managed to cross the Federal lines, and paid a visit to Richmond. I will not attempt to describe all I witnessed there. I have written this memorial that I might give the world some notion of the part I have played in the bloody drama enacted in these so-called United States—a drama which has had the world for an audience, and a strange mixture of good and bad characters for its *dramatis personæ*. It has proved to be a drama which has been terribly real—a drama in which I myself have played no insignificant part. If our great scheme had been carried out as it had been planned there would have been a *dénouement* to this drama at which tyrants would have turned pale. Oh, my countrymen! in this lonely and miserable hour, I look back and take a retrospective glance of the miserable past. Alas, my poor country! Where art thou now? Rent asunder! Who shall re-organise thee? What power shall gather together thy antagonistic elements, and make thee firm and powerful as thou wert before this wicked war—a war which has been carried on with a demoniacal spirit on the part of the Northerners? I would have gladly, cheerfully laid down my life twenty times over, if that had been possible, to have bridged over the deep gulph which now separates the Northern and Southern States. It is impossible that the past can be forgotten. A long arrear of injuries—a terrible amount of wrong must rankle in men's minds. The South are conquered for a time; but, in years to come—in the fulness of time, they will rise again, and I tremble to think of what may happen when another and more fearful internestine struggle takes place within that country for whose sake I have forfeited my life. Oh! my friends, if the fearful scenes that have been enacted within the last four years had never taken place—if the North had only listened to the voice of reason, and seen things as other men see them, Americans would still be powerful and unbroken—still be the greatest among nations—still have the respect of the world. What is she now? Alas! I dare not answer; such bloody—such wicked deeds have been done on her once fertile fields, that I shudder when I think of all the acts of the past four years. The world is making an outcry because the author of all these ills has been struck down. Let me tell them that his death was a merciful one as compared to thousands of the poor wretches who were hacked to pieces by his brutal soldiers. The man whom I have slain had it in his power

to close the wounds of America, to have poured oil upon her bruised head, but he did not choose to do so; day after day has she been dragged deeper down into barbaric cruelty and oppression. The Northern hounds who slew defenceless women and children have, for a long time past, boasted that they have driven their brethren of the South to their last ditch. I swore that when this took place condign punishment should overtake that man who has been the cause of so much misery. It has overtaken him. Heaven willed that I should be the instrument to remove him from the face of the earth. But I am wandering now from my narrative—small wonder, when every minute we expect to be aroused to action by the appearance of the Northern bloodhounds. I am writing this from Garrett's Farm, and every hour seems to bring some fresh alarm; but I have nerved my heart for any fate. I shall keep my vow, I will not be taken alive. As to Harrold, I think as I see him now that he appears to be faint-hearted; well, we are not "all masters of ourselves." Let me endeavour to collect my thoughts. I said that I crosed the Federal lines and paid a visit to Richmond. It was while I was there that the battle of Fredericksburgh took place. I was not engaged in that action, for, as I have already stated, I never served in the field, but I saw the wounded brought in during the battle, and after it was over. Oh, my friends, how shall I describe the horrors I beheld? My pen refuses to record them, and I turn to another period. I left Richmond and met Jarvis and Maguire. It was some few weeks after the battle of Gettysburgh that an attack was made on the village where we were staying by a party of Northern soldiers. They rushed into the village, and like a pack of wild animals turned savagely on everybody they met. Numbers of innocent persons were ruthlessly slaughtered in cold blood, and some of the women shared even a worse fate; houses were fired and everything was laid waste. Maguire, Jarvis, and myself, together with several others, who had taken the oath of vengeance, were secreted in a large factory; from the windows of this we fired upon the Federals as they went through the village. One wretch (an officer), whom I saw ill-treating a woman, I shot in the eye; he fell dead, without a groan. When the smoke of the burning houses cleared away, and the Federals had left, we descended and found that we had slain twenty-seven of our enemies. Six of these were officers; I knew that I had killed five myself.

"Twenty-seven!" ejaculated Jarvis. "This is well, Booth. Ah, ah! would that I could multiply those numbers by hundreds—by thousands!"

"Amen to that wish!" we all exclaimed.

I must now hurry on to a period some months subsequent to the scene at the village. Jarvis and Maguire, as well as the rest of our band, were in constant communication with me. It is true that I had to leave them occasionally to fulfil my engagements, but with all this I never lost sight of the cause I had sworn to espouse. This was always uppermost in my thoughts, and myself and my companions resorted to a hundred different devices to deal silent but certain vengeance upon our enemies. I may here observe, without entering into prolix details (which indeed I shall find it impossible to do now), that I have had immediate associations by which I have been engaged, either directly or indirectly, in the slaying of no less than twenty-six Federal officers. If every man in the South had done the country a similar service, where would the Northern cause be now? But I will not digress. I have stated that I was in constant communication with Jarvis, Maguire, and the rest; alas! I have now to describe the loss of one who had proved himself, throughout these unhappy proceedings, to be true as steel to the cause in which he was engaged. I had been playing at Baltimore; after the first piece was over (Richard III.) I met Maguire and Jarvis. We spent the remainder of the night together. and in the morning we all three went to Washington, from whence we journeyed to the house of a friend, which was situated at about seventeen miles from the city. We rode over there together. In the after part of the day we walked on to Mount Vernon, where the remains of the immortal Washington are deposited. I feel that his pure and noble spirit is looking down upon me as I am writing in this my lonely hour of travail and affliction. Maguire had walked a little ahead of Jarvis and myself. I did not know why or wherefore, but if I remember rightly he was talking to some strange lad, to whom he was giving an account of the great American liberator. I was engaged in close converse with Jarvis, when all of a sudden a cry was sent forth which sounded as though it proceeded from the throat of Maguire. We started and hurried forward, and caught a hasty glance of a Federal officer, close to whom our friend was. It appeared that this wretch had crept stealthily behind Maguire, and had then thrust his sword twice into his body. It was on receiving the first thrust that Maguire had called out; the blow was dealt from behind, and both thrusts were given between the shoulders. Jarvis, as well as myself, caught sight of the murderer as he was in the act of withdrawing his accursed weapon from the body of our friend, but was at too great a distance to make sure of hitting our man—who made off as fast as his legs could carry him. We chased him for some time, but he succeeded in getting clear off. Then we returned to Maguire, who lay on the earth weltering in his blood. He smiled as we approached him and held out one of his hands.

"My dear, dear friend," I ejaculated, as I caught his hand in both of mine, "how has this happened?"

"Ask no questions, Booth. It has doubtless been a planned thing—at least I should presume so; but do not trouble yourself about me. I knew I should fall thus."

"You are mortally wounded," I ejaculated.

He shook his head and then smiled.

"I do not murmur," he said, in a voice of resignation, "I am going to join my sister and her husband; *your* friend, Booth, and mine. I shall soon be with him now."

"Do you know who it was that assassinated you?" exclaimed Jarvis.

"The fellow struck me from behind; I did not once catch sight of his countenance."

"But we did," said I, "and both Jarvis and myself swear that your death shall not go unavenged."

"I do not doubt you, Booth," answered Maguire, "but do not trouble yourself about me or my murderer; think of your country—think of our brave army. They have fought bravely, but in the end numbers must and will overpower them. Should such an event take place you know what to do? You know what we have agreed upon; Abraham Lincoln must die."

I answered "yes" to this.

"General Grant and the members of the

Government must die, for they, one and all, own complicity in these wicked doings. They must all die. You know our arrangement. At present we have been carrying on a war in detail—a war with the enemies of our country, it is true, but not with the principal criminals. A blow ought to be struck at them; this is what I had fondly hoped to have done, but it is too late now. I have fallen myself before half our work has been accomplished. No matter, I leave behind me those who will not forget their duty."

"I shall not, for one," said Jarvis.

"Nor shall I, Maguire," I answered.

"I do not doubt either of you, for we have been fighting for a long time side by side. We must part now. Time has but a few grains of sand in his hour-glass left now for me. I feel that my last hour is drawing near. I am sorry to part with you, Booth; and Jarvis, I am sorry to part with you, also. I have prayed, long and fervently, that he who sees and knows men's hearts would turn those of our oppressors; but all my prayers have been in vain, and so I have fought out this unnatural and unholy strife to the bitter end, for the Northern rulers have trampled our liberties under their feet—they have spurned justice—and seem to be only actuated by an insatiable thirst for blood. Booth, you will respect the compact that has been made? As a dying man I ask you this."

"I will," I answered.

"And should there be none other but yourself to do this act of justice, to strike down the author of all this misery and woe?"

"I swear to you that I will do it."

"If you live."

"Yes, if I am alive, the President shall not live many days after the fall of Richmond. I promise you that."

"And if Booth falls," said Jarvis, "I promise to do this deed."

"Give me your hands," exclaimed the dying man. "I thank you both. There are others, pledged like yourselves, to cut off Grant, Seward, and the rest; and so I shall pass away content. Alas! if I had lived a few months longer, what might not have been accomplished? And yet—yet—I ought not to repine. I go now to rejoin those whose memories have been so dear to me. Booth, you will not forget?"

"Never!"

"And you, Jarvis?"

"Do not fear; my life is devoted but to one purpose."

"Remember the oath!" murmured the dying man. "The oath! which is registered above—above—there!—the oath!—remember——"

He stretched out his arms as he murmured these words, and his face became convulsed. I supported him on one knee, and passed my arms round his shoulders.

"The oath!—remember!—death to the Northern leaders!—death!"

His eyes began to glare—he looked fondly for a moment or so at Jarvis and myself—and then his spirit fled.

"He is gone, poor fellow," murmured Jarvis, sadly; "the heart of a noble man has ceased to beat. Peace be with him."

"Amen to that wish," I ejaculated.

The sun was setting in all his glory, and his rays fell upon the rigid and ghastly features of the murdered man.

"His last resting-place shall be on the banks of the Potomac," said Jarvis, sadly. "Let us convey him thither."

We made a rude bier from some brushwood, which we interlaced together, and on this we bore his body to the banks of the river; then we dug a grave and over the remains of our departed friend we breathed a prayer to God for the soul of the dead man. Then we consigned the body to its mother earth, and filled up the grave slowly and sorrowfully. By this time several persons had gathered round the spot, and after taking one last look at the place where poor Maguire rested, we hastened away, and returned to his friend's house, to tell the sad history of his death.

Days, weeks, and months passed over, but we had been unable to discover any clue to Maguire's murderer. We began to despair of ever doing so, when a singular circumstance occurred which I will endeavour to describe, for it made so lasting an impression on me, that I shall never forget it till I render up my life. I was performing at the Washington Theatre the part of Othello, and in my scene with Iago, where I have to kneel down and give utterance to the celebrated speech beginning with

"Never, Iago! By yon marble Heaven," &c,

my eyes were turned in the direction of the O.P side of the house. I saw there a face that rivetted my attention. It was the countenance of the man who murdered poor Maguire. There was no mistake about it; I saw his loathsome features plainly depicted. He was sitting in the parquette. Indeed, I had eyes for nought else. I watched him during the whole of the performance, and how I got through the part that night is a perfect mystery to me. I did, however, manage to struggle through it by some means or other.

When the piece was over, I changed my dress as hastily as possible, and went into the front part of the theatre, taking my station in the slips opposite to where the murderer of Maguire was stationed. He remained in the house during the remainder of the performance, and upon inquiry I was lucky enough to ascertain his name, which was Major Despard. When I saw he was about to leave, I went round to the staircase which led to the boxes. In a few minutes Major Despard made his appearance; he was chatting familiarly with a friend. I dogged his footsteps, and followed him to an hotel, which was little less than half a mile from the theatre. I ascertained that he was staying at this last-named place, and felt, therefore, quite sure of my man.

I sent for Jarvis, and made him acquainted with all that had occurred. We consulted together, and determined upon sending a note to the major, asking him to meet the writer in a cottage that was situated on the outskirts of the city. The signature attached to the note was of course a fictitious one. In it the writer said that he was in the possession of facts which would be of infinite service to the Federal army before Richmond, and that he would make the major acquainted with them if he would give him a private meeting.

"If this *ruse* succeeds," said Jarvis, "all will be well. The house I have appointed to meet this scoundrel at is at present empty; but I know the party to whom it belongs, and he has given me the keys. Now, I beg of you as a favour that you will allow me to deal with this ruffian as he deserves."

"It matters not by whose hand he falls," I answered; "the arrangements have been made by yourself, follow them out in the way you think best."

The letter was sent, and the reply to it was that Major Despard would be at the specified place at the appointed time.

He kept his word—he was there. Upon the moment of his entry into the cottage his brains were blown out by Jarvis, who gave him no time to ask questions.

I was in an adjoining room when this took place.

Immediately after the report of the pistol, Jarvis called out to me—

"Fly, Booth! Get through the back window. Fly! The Federals are upon us!"

These words had scarcely been uttered, when a volley of musketry was discharged and the cottage was filled with smoke. Poor Jarvis fell pierced by a dozen balls.

It appeared that Major Despard had given orders for a detachment of Federal troops to be concealed close to the cottage where this sanguinary drama was enacted. Upon hearing the report of firearms, they had at once made for the house from whence the noise proceeded, and through one of the front windows they had shot down poor Jarvis.

I succeeded in making my escape by almost a miracle, and this I should not have been able to do had I not met with persons in the neighbourhood who befriended me. Thus have I lost one friend after another. My own time draws near. From what Harrold tells me, the Northern bloodhounds are in full cry, and I know not how many days or even hours may be left to me now. Let me, therefore, at once hasten to give the particulars of that assassination which has so startled the world.

I was informed that Abraham Lincoln intended to pay a visit to Ford's Theatre in Washington on Good Friday, and it was rumoured that General Grant was to be with him—Butcher Grant would be the better term. At first I did not believe the report, so I went to the theatre, and as I knew many there perfectly well, I carelessly inquired if such would be the case. I was informed that there was not the slightest doubt about the President being there on the Good Friday. I thought fate had afforded me an opportunity which might never occur again, and so I at once made up my mind to perfect my plans.

On the night before Good Friday I went behind the scenes, as I had frequently been in the habit of doing even when not engaged in the theatre, and therefore this did not occasion any surprise or look singular.

When the performance was drawing to a close, I crept into what is called the painting-room. This is an apartment devoted to the use of the scenic artist. It was admirably adapted for concealment, as the heterogenous mass of lumber it contained would serve as an admirable hiding-place. It so happennd that no one was in this room, so I had no difficulty in secreting myself behind a mass of canvas and half-finished scenes. Here I remained till the audience, performers, and *employés* of the theatre had left. Then the house, that had been but an hour or two before one blaze of light, was shrouded in cimmerian darkness. I crept from my hiding-place and lighted the dark lantern which I had brought with me. I moved stealthily and cautiously along, and having furnished myself with skeleton keys, I had no difficulty in opening the various doors of the house. I gained the box which had always been appointed for the use of the President, his friends, and family. I then carefully removed the screws which held the spring hasp of one of the doors, and with a small instrument I cut out the thread made by the screws in the woodwork, and then re-inserted them in their proper places. The door was now so prepared that a very slight push from the outside would force off the hasp and permit me to pass in without any difficulty. With all this caution, I was afraid that some one might follow me into the box and frustrate my design. There was a narrow passage way in the rear of the box, out of which the two box doors opened. I at first thought of placing one of my accomplices in the passage to keep watch and ward, while I completed my work and struck down that man whose mad policy had caused so much bloodshed; but, upon reflection, I hit upon a better expedient. I made an indentation in the plaster of the wall sufficiently deep to admit the insertion of a small wooden bar, one end of which I intended to place in the orifice, and the other against the moulding of the door-panel, so when I had passed through myself I should by means of this be able to successfully bar out any unwelcome intruder. I considered the matter over and over again, and could find no better way of preventing an entrance from without. I then proceeded to arrange the chairs in the box so that I might have the President in such a position as to make sure of my aim. I did not know if Grant would be there, but prayed that he might. All the world knows by this time that the great Northern butcher did not make his appearance at the theatre on that eventful night. I thought I should, at any rate, be able to make sure of Lincoln. I placed the chair on which he was to sit so that his head might be on a line with a particular panel of the box door nearest the stage. I now felt all my arrangements were complete, so far as the disposition of the doors and chairs were concerned; and in justice to those who were engaged at the theatre I hereby declare that none of the servants of the establishment, or any person connected with it, had anything to do with my plans. No one had the slightest notion of my well-managed scheme to ensure success in the dangerous and difficult task I had undertaken.

I succeeded in leaving the theatre without being discovered. Then I went to those who were my accomplices. Their names I do not choose to divulge, and I only hope, for their sakes, as well as that of my country, that all vindictive feeling and rancorous spirit will end when I yield up my life.

When morning arrived I felt nervous and anxious. I was afraid that probably some person might discover the hinges of the door of the President's box loose, and then suspicion would be aroused. Luckily this was not the case.

On the Good Friday I went to a well-known livery-stable and hired a handsome fleet bay mare, and I told the man that I would call for her towards night. I then strolled into the theatre and managed to have a look at the President's box. It was exactly as I had left it on the previous night. At about four o'clock in the afternoon I went to the livery-stables and mounted the mare I had hired, and rode her up Fifteenth and Tenth-street. I then made for a stable where I had kept my own horse for some weeks. Here I left the mare. I regret to say that I felt a sinking at the heart, and I began to think my courage would fail me at the critical moment. I had recourse to stimulants. I drank deeply, but the liquor I took did not seem to have any effect upon me. I mixed with my friends, conversed and drank with them. It was

thus I whiled the tedious hours away till eight o'clock. A little after that time I entered the theatre. I passed at once into the dress-circle. The curtain had risen, and the performance had begun. I tried to conceal myself during the first act. I saw that the President was in the seat I had placed for him. Before the beginning of the second act I went to the stable and saddled and bridled my horse, which I led to the stage door, and placed in the charge of a young man whom I knew. I returned to the dress circle, and pushing my way through the crowd, arrived within a few feet of the box doors—those doors I had worked so successfully on. The curtain rose for the third act. I placed my knee against the outer door and pressed it open. The President's servant checked me, and I was afraid that after all my care I should be baulked in completing my purpose. I told him I was a senator, and had come by invitation. He let me pass. I immediately entered the small passage, and then I at once placed the wooden bar across the door of this hallway, thus effectually shutting out all intruders. I was at once confronted by a gentleman in the box, who asked me if I knew who I was intruding upon. I bowed and drew back. I then levelled a pistol with my left hand and fired. My purpose was accomplished. I HAD KEPT MY OATH! Somebody grappled with me, but I struck at him with my knife. I dashed the fellow on one side, and with one leap I mounted the outer railings of the box; from this I leapt on to the floor of the stage. In my fall the spur of my boot must have caught something, for my leg was twisted, and when I fell upon the stage I was afraid it was broken. I was thrown forward, but by a great effort I managed to recover myself, and faced the audience. "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" I exclaimed, and then I dashed across the stage, and ran against somebody in my passage, I know not who. Profiting by the surprise and alarm occasioned throughout the theatre, I gained the stage door, mounted my horse, and galloped off. Arrangements had been made for certain persons to meet me, after I left the theatre, but from some cause or another they did not keep their appointment, and so I was left with but one companion in my flight. That companion is with me now, and there is one other who has been true and faithful to me. It is to him that I shall entrust this confession. I will not tell the world all the miserable hours I have passed since that fatal Good Friday. I do not fear death. I am ready to meet it at any moment. I am troubled with no stings from an accusing conscience. What I have done I am ready to justify. I have slain a man, who, although honest enough in intention, perhaps, was, nevertheless, the worst of tyrants, in consequence of his mistaken—his obstinate and fatal policy. Like a stag at bay I must now turn to meet my foes whenever they come to hunt me down. I know the end of all this, and I am prepared for it. I am to die. Man forgets, God forgives. Men forget that thousands of their fellow-creatures were murdered in the South. Who was the cause of this? He whom I have laid low. It is assuredly no greater sin to kill the leader of a State than it is to slay the meanest peasant. The world would say otherwise, perhaps, but life is as dear to one as the other. Life is dear to us all. It is even dear to the wretched assassin who makes this confession. If I had not been so sadly injured in my leg I should be by this time far away from the place where I am now concealed, but in consequence of this unfortunate accident it is impossible for me to join those friends upon whom I could rely, and therefore is it that I now find myself driven to my last corner. I feel that my part has been played in this world. The curtain drawn by the hand of death is soon to fall and close over the earthly career of John Wilkes Booth.

"Out—out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

CAPTURE, DEATH, AND BURIAL OF WILKES BOOTH.

As a sequel to these events we give our readers a graphic account, extracted from the *New York World*, of the chase and capture of Booth:—

Quitting Washington at two o'clock p.m. on Monday, the detectives and cavalrymen disembarked at Belle Plain, on the border of Stafford county, at ten o'clock, in the darkness. Belle Plain is simply the nearest landing to Fredericksburg, seventy miles from Washington city, and located upon Potomac Creek. It is a wharf and warehouse merely, and here the steamer John S. Ide stopped and made fast, while the party galloped off in the darkness. Conger and Baker kept ahead, riding up to farmhouses and questioning the inmates, pretending to be in search of the Maryland gentlemen belonging to the party. But nobody had seen the parties described, and, after a futile ride on the Fredericksburg-road, they turned shortly to the east, and kept up their baffled inquiries all the way to Port Conway, on the Rappahannock.

AT PORT ROYAL.

On Tuesday morning they presented themselves at the Port Royal ferry, and inquired of the ferryman, while he was taking them over in squads of seven at a time, if he had seen any two such men. Continuing their inquiries at Port Royal, they found one Rollins, a fisherman, who referred them to a negro named Lucas, as having driven two men a short distance toward Bowling-green in a waggon. It was found that these men answered to the description, Booth having a crutch as previously ascertained.

HOW THE ASSASSINS CROSSED.

The day before Booth and Harrold had applied at Port Conway for the general ferry boat, but the ferryman was then fishing and would not desist for the inconsiderable fare of only two persons, but to their supposed good fortune a lot of Confederate cavalrymen just then came along, who threatened the ferryman with a shot in the head if he did not instantly bring across

his craft and transport the entire party. These cavalrymen were of Moseby's disbanded command, returning from Fairfax Court-house to their homes in Caroline county. Their captain was on his way to visit a sweetheart at Bowling-green, and he had so far taken Booth under his patronage that, when the latter was haggling with Lucas for a team, he offered both Booth and Harrold the use of his horse to ride and walk alternately.

THEIR JOURNEY TO BOWLING-GREEN.

In this way Lucas was providentially done out of the job, and Booth rode off toward Bowling-green behind the Confederate captain, on one and the same horse.

THE PURSUERS AGAIN.

So much learnt, the detectives, with Rollins for a guide, dashed off in the bright daylight of Tuesday, moving southward through the level plains of Caroline, seldom stopping to ask questions, save at a certain half-way house, where a woman told them that the cavalry party of yesterday had returned *minus* one man. As this was far from circumstantial the party rode along in the twilight, and reached Bowling-green at 11 o'clock in the night.

BOWLING-GREEN.

This is the court-house town of Caroline county—a small and scattered place, having within it an ancient tavern, no longer used for other than lodging purposes; but here they hauled from his bed the captain aforesaid and bade him dress himself. As soon as he comprehended the matter he became pallid, and eagerly narrated all the facts in his possession. Booth, to his knowledge, was then lying at the house of one Garrett, which they had passed, and Harrold had departed the existing day with the intention of rejoining him.

THE HIDING-PLACE.

Taking this captain along for a guide, the worn-out horsemen retraced, though some of the men were so haggard and wasted with travel that they had to be kicked into intelligence before they could climb to their saddles. The objects of the chase thus at hand, the detectives, full of sanguine purpose, hurried the *cortége* so well along that by 2 o'clock early morning all halted at Garrett's gate. In the pale moonlight, 300 yards from the main road to the left, a plain old farmhouse looked grayly through its environing locusts. It was worn and whitewashed, and two-storied, and its half-human windows glowered down upon the silent cavalrymen like watching owls which stood as sentries over some horrible secret asleep within. The front of this house looked up the road towards the Rappahannock, but did not face it, and on that side a long Virginia porch protruded where, in the summer, among the honeysuckles, the humming bird flew like a visible odour. Nearest the main road, against the pallid gable, a single-storied kitchen stood, and there were three other doors, one opening upon the porch, one in the kitchen gable, and one in the rear of the farmhouse.

THE BARN.

Dimly seen behind, an old barn, high and weather-beaten, faced the roadside gate, for the house itself lay to the left of its own lane; and nestling beneath the barn, a few long corn-cribs lay with a cattle-shed at hand. There was not a swell of the landscape anywhere in sight. A plain dead level contained all the tenements and structures. A worm fence stretched along the road, broken by two battered gateposts, and between the road and the house the lane was crossed by a second fence and gate. The farm-house lane, passing the house front, kept straight on to the barn, though a second carriage track ran up to the porch.

AN OLD HOMESTEAD.

It was a homely and primitive scene enough, pastoral as any farm boy's birthplace, and had been the seat of many toils and endearments. Young wives had been brought to it, and around its hearth the earliest cries of infants, gladdening mothers' hearts, had made the household jubilant till the stars came out, and were its only sentries, save the bright lights at its window-panes as of a camp fire, and the suppressed choruses of the domestic bivouac within, where apple-toasting and nut-cracking and country games shortened the winter shadows. Yet in this house, so peaceful by moonlight, murder had washed its spotted hands, and ministered to its satiated appetite. History, heiress to every nook in the broad young world, had stopped to make a landmark of Garrett's farm.

THE HOUSE SURROUNDED.

In the dead stillness, Baker dismounted and forced the outer gate; Conger kept close behind him, and the horsemen followed cautiously. They made no noise in the soft clay, nor broke the all-foreboding silence anywhere till the second gate swung open gratingly; yet even then no hoarse nor shrill response came back, save distant croaking, as of frogs or owls, or the whizz of some passing night-hawk. So they surrounded the pleasant old homestead, each horseman, carbine in poise, adjusted under the grove of locusts, so as to enclose the dwelling with a circle of fire. After a pause, Baker rode to the kitchen door on the side, and, dismounting, rapped and hallooed lustily. An old man, in drawers and night-shirt, hastily undrew the bolts, and stood on the threshold, peering shiveringly into the darkness.

QUERIES.

Baker seized him by the throat at once, and held a pistol to his ear.

"Who—who is it that calls me?" cried the old man.

"Where are the men who stay with you?" challenged Baker. "If you prevaricate you are a dead man."

The old fellow, who proved to be the head of the family, was so overawed and paralysed that he stammered and shook, and said not a word.

"Go light a candle," cried Baker sternly, "and be quick about it."

The trembling old man obeyed, and in a moment the imperfect rays flared upon his whitening hairs and bluishly pallid face. Then the question was repeated, backed up by the glimmering pistol.

"Where are those men?"

The old man held to the wall, and his knees smote each other.

"They are gone," he said. "We haven't got them in the house; I assure you that they are gone."

Here there were sounds and whisperings in the main building adjoining, and the lieutenant strode towards the door. A ludicrous incident intervened; the old man's modesty outran his terror.

"Don't go in there," he said feebly, "there are women undressed in there."

"Damn the women!" cried Baker, "what if they are undressed? We shall go in if they haven't a rag."

Leaving the old man in mute astonishment Baker bolted through the door, and stood in an assemblage of bare arms and night-robes. His loaded pistol disarmed modesty of its delicacy,

and substituted therefore a seasonable terror. Here he repeated his summons, and the half-light of the candle gave to his face a more than bandit ferocity. They all denied knowledge of the strangers' whereabouts.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

In the interim Conger had also entered, and, while the household and its invaders were thus in weird tableaux, a young man appeared, as if he had risen from the ground. The muzzles of everybody turned upon him in a second; but, while he blanched, he did not lose loquacity.

"Father," he said, "we had better tell the truth about the matter. Those men whom you seek, gentlemen, are in the barn, I know. They went there to sleep."

Leaving one soldier to guard the old man—and the soldier was very glad of the job, as it relieved him of personal hazard in the approaching combat—all the rest, with cocked pistols at the young man's head, followed on to the barn. It lay a hundred yards from the house, the front barn-door facing the west gable, and was an old and spacious structure, with floors only a trifle above the ground level.

ON GUARD.

The troops dismounted, were stationed at regular intervals around it, and ten yards distant at every point, four special guards placed to command the door, and all with weapons in supple preparation, while Baker and Conger went direct to the door. It had a padlock upon it, and the key of this Baker secured at once. In the interval of silence that ensued, the rustling of planks and straw was heard inside, as of persons rising from sleep.

A PARLEY.

At the same moment Baker hailed—

"To the persons in this barn. I have a proposal to make; we are about to send into you the son of the man in whose custody you are found. Either surrender to him your arms and then give yourselves up, or we'll set fire to the place. We mean to take you both, or to have a bonfire and a shooting match."

No answer came to this of any kind. The lad, John M. Garrett, who was in deadly fear, was here pushed through the door by a sudden opening of it, and immediately Lieutenant Baker locked the door on the outside. The boy was heard to state his appeal in under-tone. Booth replied—

"Damn you! Get out of here. You have betrayed me."

At the same time he placed his hand in his pocket, as for a pistol. A remonstrance followed, but the boy slipped on end over the re-opened portal, reporting that his errand had failed, and that he dared not enter again. All this time the candle brought from the house to the barn was burning close beside the two detectives, rendering it easy for any one within to have shot them dead. This observed, the light was cautiously removed, and everybody took care to keep out of its reflection. By this time the crisis of the position was at hand. The cavalry exhibited very variable inclinations, some to run away, others to shoot Booth without a summons, but all excited and fitfully silent. At the house near by the female folks were seen collected in the doorway, and the necessities of the case provoked prompt conclusions. The boy was placed at a remote point, and the summons repeated by Baker—

"You must surrender inside there. Give up your arms and appear. There is no chance for escape. We give you five minutes to make up your mind."

A bold, clarion reply came from within, so strong as to be heard at the house door—

"Who are you, and what do you want with us?"

Baker again urged: "We want you to deliver up your arms and become our prisoners."

"But who are you?" hallooed the same strong voice.

Baker: "That makes no difference. We know who you are, and we want you. We have here fifty men, armed with carbines and pistols. You cannot escape."

There was a long pause, and then Booth said: "Captain, this is a hard case, I swear. Perhaps I am being taken by my own friends?"

No reply from the detectives.

Booth: "Well, give us a little time to consider."

Baker: "Very well; take time."

Here ensued a long and eventful pause. What thronging memories it brought to Booth we can only guess. In this little interval he made the resolve to die. But he was cool and steady to the end. Baker, after a lapse, hailed for the last time—

"Well, we have waited long enough. Surrender your arms and come out, or we'll fire the barn."

Booth answered thus: "I am but a cripple—a one-legged man. Withdraw your forces one hundred yards from the door, and I will come. Give me a chance for my life, captain. I will never be taken alive."

Baker: "We did not come here to fight, but to capture you. I say again, appear, or the barn shall be fired."

Then, with a long breath, which could be heard outside, Booth cried in sudden calmness, still invisible, as were to him his enemies—

"Well, then, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me."

There was a pause repeated, broken by low discussions within between Booth and his associate, the former saying, as if in answer to some remonstrance or appeal—

"Get away from me. You are a —— coward, and mean to leave me in my distress; but go, go. I don't want you to stay. I won't have you stay."

Then he shouted aloud—

"There's a man inside who wants to surrender."

Baker: "Let him come, if he will bring his arms."

Here Harrold, rattling at the door, said—

"Let me out; open the door, I want to surrender."

Baker: "Hand out your arms, then."

Harrold: "I have not got any."

Baker: "You are the man who carried the carbine yesterday; bring it out."

Harrold: "I haven't got any."

This was said in a whining tone, and with an almost visible shiver. Booth cried aloud at this hesitation—

"He hasn't got any arms; they are mine, and I have kept them."

Baker: "Well, he carried the carbine, and must bring it out."

Booth: "On the word and honour of a gentleman, he has no arms with him. They are mine, and I have got them."

At this time Harrold was quite up to the door, within whispering distance of Baker. The latter told him to put out his hands to be hand-

cuffed, at the same time drawing open the door a little distance. Harrold thrust forth his hands, when Baker, seizing him, jerked him into the night, and delivered him over to a deputation of cavalrymen. The fellow began to talk of his innocence and plead so noisily that Conger threatened to gag him unless he ceased. Then Booth made his last appeal, in the same clear, unbroken voice—

"Captain, give me a chance. Draw off your men and I will fight them singly. I could have killed you six times to-night, but I believe you to be a brave man, and would not murder you. Give a lame man a show."

It was too late for parley. All this time Booth's voice had sounded from the middle of the barn.

THE BARN FIRED.

Ere he ceased speaking Colonel Conger, slipping around to the rear, drew some loose straws through a crack, and lit a match upon them. They were dry, and blazed up in an instant, carrying a sheet of smoke and flame through the parted planks, and heaving in a twinkling a world of light and heat upon the magazine within. The blaze lit up the black recesses of the great barn till every wasp's nest and cobweb in the roof was luminous, flinging streaks of red and violet across the tumbled farm gear in the corner—ploughs, harrows, hoes, rakes, sugar mills,—and making every separate grain in the high bin adjacent gleam like a mote of precious gold. They tinged the beams, the upright columns, the barricades, where clover and timothy, piled high, held towards the hot incendiary their separate straws for the funeral pile. They bathed the murderer's retreat in a beautiful illumination, and while in bold outline his figure stood revealed, they rose like an impenetrable wall to guard from sight the hated enemy who lit them. Behind the blaze, with his eye to a crack, Gonger saw Wilkes Booth standing upright upon a crutch. He likens him at this instant to his brother Edwin, whom he says he so much resembled that he half believed for the moment the whole pursuit to have been a mistake. At the gleam of the fire Wilkes dropped his crutch and carbine, and on both hands crept up to the spot to espy the incendiary and shoot him dead. His eyes were lustrous like fever, and swelled and rolled in terrible beauty, while his teeth were fixed, and he wore the expression of one in the calmness before frenzy. In vain he peered with vengeance in his look; the blaze that made him visible concealed his enemy. A second he turned glaring at the fire, as if to leap upon it and extinguish it, but it had made such headway that this was a futile impulse and he dismissed it. As calmly as upon the battle-field a veteran stands amidst the hail of ball and shell and plunging iron, Booth turned at a man's stride and pushed for the door, carbine in poise, and the last resolve of death, which we name despair, set on his high, bloodless forehead.

DEATH.

And so he dashed, intent to expire not unaccompanied; a disobedient sergeant at an eye-hole drew upon him the fatal bead. The barn was all glorious with conflagration, and in the beautiful ruin this outlawed man strode, like all that we know of wicked valour, stern in the face of death. A shock, a shout, a gathering up of his splendid figure, as if to overtip the stature God gave him, and John Wilkes Booth fell headlong to the floor, lying there in a heap, a little life remaining. But no.

"He has shot himself!" cried Baker, unaware of the source of the report, and rushing in, he grasped his arms to guard against any feint or strategy. A moment convinced him that further struggle with the prone flesh was useless. Booth did not move, nor breathe, nor gasp. Conger and two sergeants now entered, and, taking up the body, they bore it in haste from the advancing flame, and laid it without upon the grass, all fresh with heavenly dew.

"Water!" cried Conger; "bring water."

When this was dashed into his face he revived a moment and stirred his lips. Baker put his ear close down, and heard him say—

"Tell mother—and die—for my country."

They lifted him again, the fire encroaching in hotness upon them, and placed him on the porch before the dwelling.

THE DYING MURDERER.

A mattress was brought down, on which they placed him and propped his head, and gave him water and brandy. The women of the household, joined meantime by another son, who had been found in one of the corn cribs, watching, as he said, to see that Booth and Harrold did not steal the horses, were nervous, but prompt to do the dying man all kindnesses, although waved sternly back by the detectives. They dipped a rag in brandy and water, and this being put between Booth's teeth he sucked it greedily. When he was able to articulate again he muttered to Mr. Baker the same words, with an addenda. "Tell mother I died for my country. I thought I did for the best." Baker repeated this, saying at the same time, "Booth, do I repeat it correctly?" Booth nodded his head. By this time the grayness of dawn was approaching; moving figures inquisitively coming near were to be seen distinctly, and the cocks began to crow gutturally, though the barn by this time was a hulk of blaze and ashes, sending towards the zenith a spiral line of dense smoke. The women became importunate at this time that the troops might be ordered to extinguish the fire, which was spreading towards their precious corn cribs. Not even death could banish the call of interest. Soldiers were sent to put out the fire, and Booth, relieved of the bustle around him, drew near to death apace. Twice he was heard to say, "Kill me; kill me." His lips often moved, but could complete no appreciable sound. He made once a motion which the quick eye of Conger understood to mean that his throat pained him. Conger put his finger there, when the dying man attempted to cough, but only caused the blood at his perforated neck to flow more lively. He bled very little, although shot quite through, beneath and behind the ears, his collar being severed on both sides.

A soldier had been meanwhile despatched for a doctor, but the route and return were quite six miles, and the sinner was sinking fast. Still the women made efforts to get to see him, but were always rebuffed, and all the brandy they could find was demanded by the assassin, who motioned for strong drink every two minutes. He made frequent desires to be turned over—not by speech but by gesture—and he was alternately placed upon his back, belly, and side. His tremendous vitality evidenced itself almost miraculously. Now and then his heart would cease to throb, and his pulses would be as cold as a dead man's. Directly life would begin anew, the face would flush up effulgently, the eyes open and brighten, and soon relapsing, stillness re-asserted, would again be dispossessed by the same magnificent triumph of man over mortality. Finally the fussy little doctor arrived, in time to be useless. He

probed the wound to see if the ball were in it, and shook his head sagely and talked learnedly.

A LAST REQUEST.

Just at his coming Booth had asked to have his hands raised and shown him. They were so paralysed that he did not know their location. When they were displayed he muttered, with a sad lethargy, "Useless—useless." These were the last words he ever uttered. As he began to die the sun rose and threw beams into all the tree-tops. It was of a man's height when the struggle of death twitched and fingered in the fading bravo's face. His jaw drew spasmodically and obliquely downward; his eyeballs rolled towards his feet, and began to swell; lividness, like a horrible shadow, fastened upon him, and, with a sort of gurgle and sudden check, he stretched his feet and threw his head back and gave up the ghost.

BACKWARD.

They sewed him up in a saddle-blanket. This was his shroud—too like a soldier's. Harrold, meantime, had been tied to a tree, but was now released for the march. Colonel Conger pushed on immediately for Washington; the *cortége* was to follow. Booth's only arms were his carbine, knife, and two revolvers. They found about him bills of exchange, Canada money, and a diary. A venerable old negro living in the vicinity had the misfortune to possess a horse. This horse was a relic of former generations, and showed by his protruding ribs the general leanness of the land. He moved in an eccentric amble, and when put upon his speed was generally run backward. To this old negro's horse was harnessed a very shaky and absurd waggon, which rattled like approaching dissolution, and each part of it ran without any connexion or correspondence with any other part. It had no tailboard, and its shafts were sharp as famine, and into this mimicry of a vehicle the murderer was to be sent to the Potomac River, while the man he had murdered was moving in state across the mourning continent. The old negro geared up his waggon by means of a set of fossil harness, and when it was backed to Garrett's porch they laid within it the discoloured corpse. The corpse was tied with ropes around the legs and made fast to the waggon sides. Harrold's legs were tied to stirrups, and he was placed in the centre of four murderous-looking cavalrymen. The two sons of Garrett were also taken along, despite the sobs and petitions of the old folks and women, but the rebel captain who had given Booth a lift got off amid the night's agitations, and was not re-arrested. So moved the cavalcade of retribution, with death in its midst, along the road to Port Royal. When the waggon started, Booth's wound, till now scarcely dribbling, began to run anew. It fell through the crack of the waggon, and fell dripping upon the axle, and spotting the road with terrible wafers. It stained the planks, and soaked the blankets; and the old negro, at a stoppage dabbled his hands in it by mistake. He drew back instantly with a shudder and stifled explet'ive, "Gor-r-r, dat'll never come off in de world. It's murderer's blood." He wrung his hands, and looked at the officers, and shuddered again; "Gor-r-r, I wouldn't have dat on me fur tousand, tousand dollars." The progress of the team was slow, with frequent danger of shipwreck altogether, but toward noon the *cortége* filed through Port Royal, where the citizens came out to ask the matter, and why a man's body, covered with blankets, was going by with so great an escort. They were told that it was a wounded Confederate, and so held their tongues. The little ferry, again in requisition, took them over by squads; and they pushed from Port Conway to Belle Plain, which they reached in the middle of the afternoon. All the way the blood dribbled from the corpse in a slow, incessant exudation. The old negro was niggardly dismissed with two paper dollars. The dead man untied and cast upon the vessel's deck, steam gotten up in a little while, and the broad Potomac shores saw this skeleton ship flit by, as the bloody sun threw gashes and blots of unhealthy light along the silver surface.

HARROLD.

All the way associate with the carcase went Harrold shuddering in so grim companionship, and in the awakened fears of his own approaching ordeal, beyond which it loomed already, the gossamer fabric of a scaffold. He tried to talk for his own exoneration, saying he had ridden, as was his wont, beyond the East Branch, and returning, found Booth wounded, who begged him to be his companion. Of his crime he knew nothing, so help him God, &c. But nobody listened to him. All interest of crime, courage, and retribution centered in the dead flesh at his feet. At Washington, high and low turned out to look on Booth. Only a few were permitted to see his corpse for purposes of recognition. It was fairly preserved, though on one side of the face distorted, and looking blue like death, and wildly, bandit-like, as if beaten by avenging winds.

WHERE BOOTH LIES.

Yesterday the Secretary of War, without instructions of any kind, committed to Colonel Lafayette C. Baker, of the secret service, the stark corpse of J. Wilkes Booth. The secret service never fulfilled its volition more secretively.

"What have you done with the body?" said I to Baker.

"That is known," he answered, "to only one man living besides myself. It is gone. I will not tell you where. The only man who knows is sworn to silence. Never till the great trumpeter comes shall the grave of Booth be discovered."

And this is true. Last night, the 27th of April, a small rowboat received the carcass of the murderer; two men were in it; they carried the body off into the darkness, and out of that darkness it will never return. In the darkness, like his great crime, may it remain for ever, impalpable, invisible, nondescript, condemned to that worse than damnation—annihilation. The river-bottom may ooze about it, laden with great shot and drowning manacles. The earth may have opened to give it that silence and forgiveness which man will never give its memory. The fishes may swim round it, or the daisies grow white above it; but we shall never know. Mysterious, incomprehensible, unattainable, like the dim times through which we live and think upon as if we only dreamt them in perturbed fever, the assassin of a nation's head rests somewhere in the elements, and that is all; but if the indignant seas or the profaned turf shall ever vomit this corpse from their recesses, and it receives humane or Christian burial from some who do not recognise it, let the last words those decaying lips ever uttered be carved above them with a dagger, to tell the history of a young and once promising life—useless! useless!

R. BEARD, PRINTER, 29, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

A SUPERIOR JOURNAL FOR ENGLISH BOYS.

ON TUESDAY, MAY 30th, WILL BE READY,

PART 1 OF THE

BOYS' COMPANION

AND

BRITISH TRAVELLER.

EIGHTY PAGES—ILLUSTRATED.

WITH PART 1 WILL BE GIVEN AWAY

A MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING,

ILLUSTRATING

"HUNTING SCENES IN AFRICA."

FULL OF INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE TALES, FACTS, ANECDOTES, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELS, AMUSEMENTS, &C.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

EVERY ENGLISH BOY SHOULD ORDER NO. 1 AT ONCE.

Offices: The Newsagents' Newspaper & Publishing Co., 147, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—IMPORTANT TO THE SICK.

Though the mind be downcast and the body enfeebled by continued indisposition, the sufferer should at this season make a last effort to regain health by taking Holloway's purifying Pills, which, by cleansing the blood, will search out the hidden cause of mischief, and expel the seeds of most diseases. No invalid is too much reduced to undergo this very gentle treatment with safety and advantage. Neither youth nor old age need fear any injury to the system from a regulated course of these Pills. They are infallible in stomach complaints, bilious affections, sickness, want of appetite, disordered bowels, constipation, and the annoyances which spring from derangement of the digestive and assimilating organs.

71.2009.084.08447